

Mr. PARTRIDGE's
ANSWER

Esquire BICKERSTAFF's

Strange and Wonderful

PREDICTIONS

FOR

The YEAR 1708.

When *Foxes* Preach, the *Geese* must have a care,
When *Knaves* find Fault, let *Honest Men* beware;
When *Common Fools* believe a *Common Liar*,
The worst of *Shams* will please a hasty Buyer.

Licenced according to Act.

LONDON:

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Mr. Partridge's Answer, &c.

THis Wonder-working Fortune Teller, comes Blustering into the World, under the Name of *Isaac Bickerstaffe*, Esq; though, I believe, there's no such Man in Being. So presumptuous as to own himself the Author of such a medley of Predictions; and therefore *John an Oakes*, Esq; has as true Claim to those Predictions as the disguised Worshipful *Isaac Bickerstaff*. However, the better to surprize and impose on the hasty, eager and unthinking Multitude, he falls foul, right or wrong, on the whole Tribe of Almanack-makers (and in the exact Language of a Common Strumpet, who calls all Women Whores, because she is a great one her self) Brands them with odious Names of Lyars, Fools, Cheats, and the like; and what is all this but to set up himself for the greatest of them all? He says at the very Beginning of his large Introduction, that many Learned Men have Condemn'd the whole Art of *Astrology* as a Cheat; but I dare be bold to assure his Worship, that any Man without Learning will prove him so, and a Lyar into the Bargain, if he lives but till the 30th of the next Month; for 'tis plain, he knows no more of the Art of *Astrology* (in Comparison) than he knows when his Wife will make him a Cuckold.

And

And yet, Mountebank-like, he boasts of what Wonders he has perform'd, foretold the Battle of *Almanza*, Miscarriage at *Thoulon*, Loss of Admiral *Shovel*; and all those Secrets of Nature (says he) were Seal'd up and given some Friends many Months before these Accidents happen'd. Oh rare Conjuror! But pray, Mr. Esquire, where are these Friends to be seen or heard of, that had the Possession of these Seal'd up Oracles: I believe it would puzzle you, and a much greater Conjuror than your World besides your self, to vouch the least Syllable of all this. 'Tis an easie matter for a pretended Conjuror to say he foretold this or that Victory or Disaster, when 'tis past and over, but it's quite another thing to discover such Surprising Accidents before they happen or come to pass. I will here relate his own Words, p. 3. 'I make
 ' bold to tell the World, that I lay the whole Credit
 ' of my Art upon the Truth of these Predictions;
 ' and I will be content, that *Partridge* and the rest
 ' of his Clan, may Hoot me for a Cheat and Im-
 ' posture, if I fail in any single particular of Mo-
 ' ment. I believe, any Man who reads this Paper
 ' will look upon me to be at least a Person of as
 ' much Honesty and Understanding, as a Common
 ' Maker of Almanacks. I do not lurk in the
 ' Dark; I am not wholly unknown in the World;
 ' I have set my Name at length, to be a Mark of
 ' Infamy to Mankind, if they shall find I deceive
 ' them.

As to the Honesty of common Almanack-makers I have nothing to say to, neither am I their Advocate, but I am certain none of them has more Impudence, whatever they may have of Understanding; and notwithstanding your Name at Length, 'twill I fear be a dark piece of Work to bring to Light, otherwise *Partridge* is as likely a Man to Hoot at Squire *Conjurer* for a Cheat, as any Person Living, and a thousand to one, but you will deserve it. But now for your Predictions,

M A R C H.

'Tis but a Trifle its only the Death of a Poor Cobling *Almanack-maker*, the 29 Day at a 11 a Clock at Night. Look about you *Partridge*, here's a Philistian Goliath comes out against you with Hercules's Club to beat your Brains out; you may Lawfully Swear the Peace against him for you go in Danger of your Life. However it looks something odd, that the Stars can find no body else to kill all over Christendom, but a Poor *Almanack-maker*.

A P R I L.

In this Month Squire *Conjurer* has made the Devil to do among the *French* and *Spaniards*, Cardinals, Princes, Peers, Lay-men, and a Goldsmith in *Lombard-street*, comes in for a Snack too; Death is to be their Portion this very Month, unless they can get a Riprieve from this Governour of the Stars, or else Remove themselves in the mean time by a *Heabus Corpus* into some other Country.

MAY.

M A Y.

This he says, will be no busy month, and yet the *Dauphine of France* will Dye on the 7th, and a *Mar-
reschal* of that Kingdom break his Leg, by a Fall from
a Horse. Also a great Siege, which he does not know
what to say of, because I conceive he thinks the Con-
federates will be Beaten, otherwise what harm will
the particulars do the Government, which he seems
affraid to offend. On the 15th a surprizing Event,
but no particulars, which makes this look like bad
News too. But on the 19th, Three Noble Ladies will
prove with Child against all Expectation; and yet
to the Joy of their Husbands, who were Fumblers to
be sure, or else why contrary to Expectation? There-
fore Cuckolds by Consequence, and being 3 of them,
Cuckolds a Row. 23 *A Buffoon at the Play-house will
dye of a Ridiculous Death suitable to his Vocation.* I
am sure this is a Ridiculous Prediction, and as true
as the Candle Eat the Cat.

J U N E.

The fury of the Stars this Month is Spent on the
French Prophets in *Barbacan* whom he Blames for
fortelling particulars, and wonders how any Deceiver
can be so weak to do so, when a few Months will Di-
scover the Imposture to all the World: and yet at the
same time has made himself lyable to the same Scan-
dal. On the 1st, of this Month (Says he) a French
General will be Kill'd by a random Schot of a Can-
non Ball; but this looks like (all his other Stuff) a
Random Prediction.

On the 6 he Says a Fire will break out in the Sub-
burbs

burbs of Paris, which will destroy a Thousand Houses; but I am sure there is no Reason in Art to lay a Foundation for such a Prediction; no more then there is for a Battel to be fought on the 10th from 5 till 9 at Night, which he says will be a Drawn Battel, but dares not name the Place, so that take him every way he much out-does his Brother Shuffler 7. P. On the 20th (he says) *Porretarero* will dye, by great Suspicion of Poyson, which is as true as all the rest.

JULY.

On the 6th (he says,) a certain General will by a Glorious Action recover the Reputation he lost by former Misfortunes. I hope he does not mean the Elector of *Bavaria*, if he do he ought to tell us the Consequences of it which he willfully omitted at the Battle of *Almanza* in *Spain*, Miscarriages at *Thoulon*; and the Death of Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*. On the 12th he says, a great Commander will dye in the Hands of his Enemies. Here's another Jacobite Suffe, as if this would be one of the Confederates, or why would not such a positive and infallible Fortune-teller as this, discovered who he belong'd to? On the 14th a shameful Discovery will be made of a *French* Jesuite giving Poyson to a Foreign General, &c. But I think this Worshipful Conjuror a great Knave to conceal such a Villany, if he knows on whom it will fall; it not being likely that *French* Jesuites will do any hurt to their own side, therefore consequently one of the Allies; but I believe this Prediction is hatch'd in his

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own Noddle without any Advice from the Stars.
On the 29th he Choaks the *French* King to death
with the Gout in his Stomach and that he should
not want Company Monsieur *Camillard* is prick'd
down to go along with him; an Ambassador will
also dye in *London*, but the day he's forgot.

AUGUST.

Having killed the *Dauphine*, and *Old Lewis* the
preceeding Month, he makes the Duke of *Burgun-
dy* a King in this: At which time he hears Bells
and Guns, and sees the Blazing of a 1000 Bone-
fires. The Conjuror sure is in a mighty Rapture,
at the News of the *French* King's Coronation, that
he can hear nothing but Joy and Transport, here's
Loyalty in Perfection.

But the worst Job of all is, the Downfal of a
Booth in *Bartholomew-Fair*, which he ought to be
more particular in, because the Actors are like to
have but a bad time on't, for no body will be so
hardy to venture in a Booth to be knock'd on the
Head. And therefore *Finley* and *Pinkeman* may
shut up their Shops, if the Conjuror be so ill-natu-
red as not to discover the piece of Ground, where
this unfortunate Fabrick is to be Erected.

SEPTEMBER.

And here Mr. *Positive* has betray'd himself with
a Witness, for he asserts a great Frost at the begin-
ning, which holds 12 Days together, which is
quite contrary to the Order of Nature, such a thing
never yet happened in the Memory of any Man li-
ving

ving, I suppose by the same Rules. he predicts the Death of the Pope, which if so, no doubt but his Holiness is safe enough. But the greatest Wonder of all, the *French* Fortifie themselves in their Trenches, and act Defensively; and pray Mr. *Bug-bear*, when do they do otherwise, unless on a manifest Advantage.

He Concludes his Predictions with Promise of a Glorious Campaign for the Allies, and yet in the whole course of his Monthly GuesSES, though very Particular and Positive, on other insignificant absurdities, he gives not so much as a hint of any Success to the Confederates, but on the contrary, leaves us in the Dark, and seems all along as if our Enemies wou'd out-do us.

As for his next Years Predictions, let him Print it in *Holland* and Welcome, for by that time the *English* will know him too well to believe him.

His whole Design was nothing but Deceit,

The End of March will plainly show the Cheat.

SEPT. 17. 1757.

FINIS